**Side 1 - Helena**

 'Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.'

 Nothing in France, until he has no wife!

 Thou shalt have none, Rousillon, none in France;

 Then hast thou all again. Poor lord! is't I

 That chase thee from thy country and expose

 Those tender limbs of thine to the event

 Of the none-sparing war? and is it I

 That drive thee from the sportive court, where thou

 Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark

 Of smoky muskets? O you leaden messengers,

 That ride upon the violent speed of fire,

 Fly with false aim; move the still-peering air,

 That sings with piercing; do not touch my lord.

 Whoever shoots at him, I set him there;

 Whoever charges on his forward breast,

 I am the caitiff that do hold him to't;

 And, though I kill him not, I am the cause

 His death was so effected: better 'twere

 I met the ravin lion when he roar'd

 With sharp constraint of hunger; better 'twere

 That all the miseries which nature owes

 Were mine at once. No, come thou home, Rousillon,

 Whence honour but of danger wins a scar,

 As oft it loses all: I will be gone;

 My being here it is that holds thee hence:

 Shall I stay here to do't? no, no, although

 The air of paradise did fan the house

 And angels officed all: I will be gone,

 That pitiful rumour may report my flight,

 To consolate thine ear. Come, night; end, day!

 For with the dark, poor thief, I'll steal away.